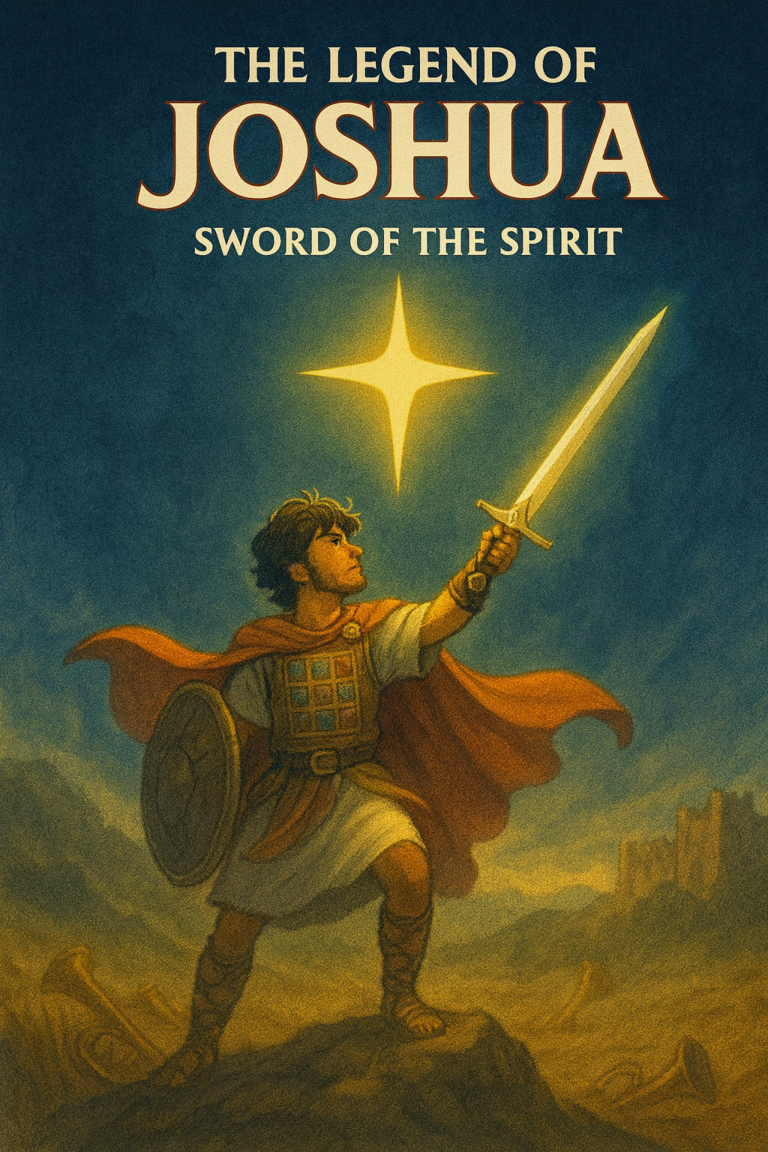
THE LEGEND OF JOSHUA

SWORD OF THE SPIRIT



Long ago,

In the days after Moses,

the people of God stood trembling at the edge of a river.

They had wandered for years,

haunted by the ghosts of Egypt,

The Promised Land shimmered across the water—

the land where, one day,

the curse of every dark ring would be broken

by the Son of God,

the Messiah of the world.

and so Hyrule stood before them

a world waiting to be restored—

a land yet still not settled

giants ruled its gates,

idols sang songs in its hills.

Ganondorf ruled its grounds

but there lived a servant who listened.

Joshua of Israel

the Frodo of the Shire

the Link of Kokiri

Chosen by the Lord God to finish

where Gandalf had begun

his cleverness could never defeat Ganon

his own strength could not match the army of Canaan

he had nothing left but obedience

the lord led Joshua into the Wilderness

and BEHOLD

there layed

The Sword of the Spirit

hidden under the forest light

he pulled the sword from the stone

and lifted it high to the heavens

So Joshua rose,

not with rage,

but with reverence.

For the world had not yet felt

the full nature of sin

Violence was their first language

so the Lord let Israel fight

he let Israel brawl

He let them taste the grief of taking another’s life

that they might one day weep

when the Prince of Peace would come.

and so it was

the spirit of the lord took Joshua to charge

Then the trumpet sounded,

and the walls bowed low before Heaven’s command.

He drew the Sword of the Lord

and the Word became his blade.

and the Covenant lived again.